

MR. KAI KEE, ARTIST AND CRITIC, REVIEWS "THE FIRST BORN."

KAI KEE, wearer of the red button and blue blouse, burner of joss candles and maker of celestial pictures, has witnessed Frohman's Chinese play, "The First Born," for the Sunday Journal. You may see Kai Kee's visual ideas in the pictures given here. They may be somewhat mixed in technique and somewhat scrambled in general effect, but they convey the exact impression of the play as seen through shant Mongolian eyes.

High above the headboard and bed-curtains audience sat Kai Kee with his scroll of rice paper and his long Canton pencil ready for business.

Somehow he harmonized with the dopy exhalations around him. There was a smell of joss sticks in the air. There was a faint odor of hop about the blouse of Kai Kee.

The audience awoke to his presence. Those in the gallery turned in their seats and stared into his inscrutable face. A hundred white faces in the audience were gazing upward. A gay crowd in one of the proscenium boxes levelled their glasses and lorgnettes upon him.

Kai Kee gave them no heed. He was there for the Sunday Journal, as a Celestial Alan Dale, and in the undeviating pursuit of his duty he chewed the end of his pencil and waited for the play to begin.

We had looked Kai Kee's wife in the little gloomy room in Chinatown that he calls his home. We had left her in the dark, lying like a small green mouse on the opium bunk. Neither of them worried about the parting. It was wordless and expressionless.

But once inside the theatre and chewing his pencil and clutching his roll of rice paper, Kai Kee suddenly said:

"I lockee dooh? You suah I lockee dooh?"

That was all, but it was sufficient to indicate a deep insight into feminine nature. Here was a critic who could, therefore, be relied upon in the matter of woman's follies.

During the preliminary one-act farce, Kai Kee's face was as a mask. Only once did he unbend. This was when the gorgeously robed masked lady to whom the two gentlemen were making desperate love, threw off her disguise.

Even from his Alpine perch Kai Kee could see that she was ugly. He laughed a soft, poppy laugh and said:

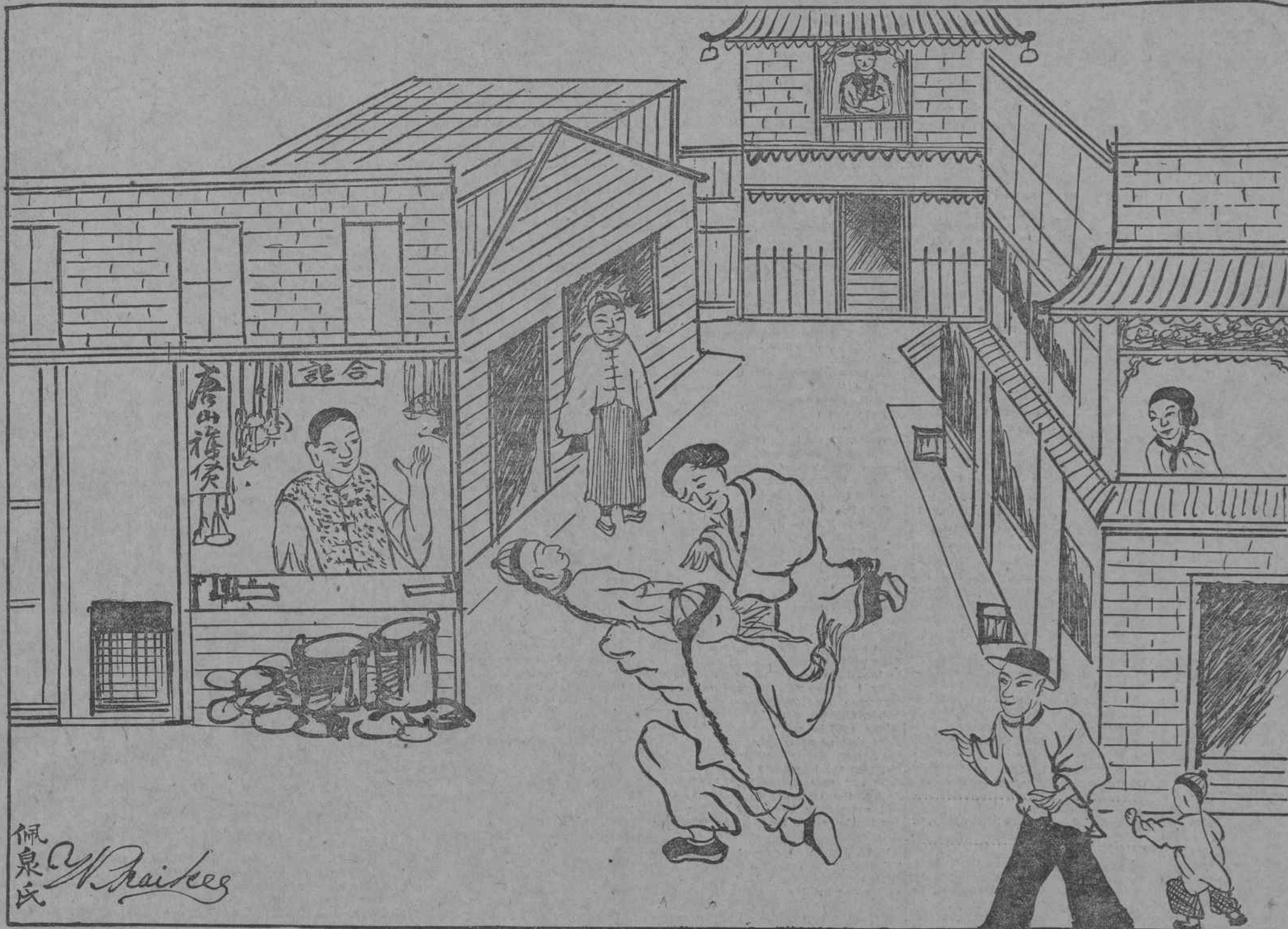
"She ol' woman; hi yi; she ol' woman."

With the first harsh clang of the Chinese cymbals and strangled nightmares that heralded the real play, Kai Kee pricked up his ears.

"China music," he said, "belly good. Man play banjo good. Catch um music Chinatown. He take two, tlee lesson—Mott street."

Here the Chinese artist began in a slow and laborious way to draw the outlines of his picture.

"How many Chinamen in play?" he asked. Then he counted over the pro-



Tragic Death of Chan Toy in Act I.—As Depicted by Kai Kee.

A CHINESE "ALAN DALE" ON MR. FROHMAN'S CHINESE PLAY.

THE criticism of Kai Kee, as elucidated and Angloized by a Sunday Journal reporter:

I like the play of "The First Born," but in many respects it is not true to Chinese nature. The picture of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco could not be improved upon. It is faithful to the smallest detail. The cymbal music was sweet and nice.

I am told that Man Low Yek was the villain. I do not understand. I did not see him do anything. I saw Chan Wang kill him because Chan Toy fell off the roof. It was not Man Low Yek's fault.

Loey Tsing was a slave girl. She had no business to be roaming around. She ought to be kept locked up like other slave girls. I do not understand what she was there for anyway.

Hop Kee, the mender of pipes, was good. I have seen old pipe menders just like him in San Francisco. So was the ragpicker. I had to laugh when he picked up the sock that fell from the roof.

I was told to look out for the Highbinders. I don't know anything about Highbinders. I never heard of Highbinders. Of course, there are bad Chinamen, just as there are bad Americans. Bad Chinamen in San Francisco carry big knives, and sometimes hatchets and coats of mail.

Chan Wang was just like them. But I do not know anything about societies of Highbinders or bad men. I know about the San Yip and the See Yip, but they are good men. It is their business to ferret out the wickedness of Chinatown. They are incorporated under the law to do this thing.

It also relieves the poor and the sick, educates the poor children, finds employment for its members and protects them from its enemies.

The See Yip Society is a good society, and is composed of four of the Six Companies—the Ning Yung, Kong Chow, Hop Wo and Shu Hing. They have never done anything wrong.

They had to form this society because they found themselves in a strange land, surrounded by men whose customs they could not understand, and whose way of thinking they could not adopt.

Therefore they clung to their own ways and organized themselves into a company on the tribal plan, as it still exists in China, where the family clan is ruled by its head.

I saw nothing of this in the play. I did not see any relieving of the sick or destitute. There were no See Yips. There was only a bad man who carried a knife for the purpose of killing a good man because his child had fallen from a roof.

It was a good play for Americans, but I like a China play better.

the thin rice paper in rhomboid, angle and hypotenuse.

He did not seem to think much of the prayer song of the Chinamen. He understood its purport, however, and nodded in approval as the singers bowed to the invisible Joss.

By this time Kai Kee had covered two sheets with hieroglyphics and was on a third.

"How?" asked old Hop Kee in the play, "wise to marry a woman from Shan Tung?"

This struck the Chinese critic as ex-

ceedingly funny. He laughed until his green shoes vibrated with Mongolian mirth.

"Shan Tung woman alle same long tongue. Scoldes quail all day. Shan Tung woman scatch face."

Then, taking another tack, he said: "Ol' man fixee pipes, name Hop Kee. Samee my name, my family."

The old Chinese ragpicker was another source of mirth to Kai Kee. "Like Canton," he muttered; "ol' lag man pickee lag with book, stick, sock, shirt, ol' blitche alle same."

Gradually the gallery audience had be-

come so interested in Kai Kee that they were letting the play go by default.

"Say, Chink, wot yer think of it?" asked a red-faced, bull-necked young man on the seat below. Kai Kee did not reply, but gazed placidly at the marvelously bald head of an old man on the lower seat.

"Well, yer needn't be proud, Chink; yer not de only pebble in de gallery. See?"

Then Kai Kee got up, put his pencil crosswise in his mouth, stepped over the back of the seat and onto the upper row.

Here he sat down and began to work at his picture, as if nothing had happened.



Hop Kee, the Old Pipe Mender in Chinese Alley—As Seen by Kai Kee.

gramme carefully and made out fourteen. It was evident that he intended to give them all a place in his picture.

Kai Kee has been to San Francisco and knows all about Chinatown.

"Like 'Filsoo," he said, as the curtain rose; "samee house like 'Filsoo. Samee washee on roof. China chillen not samee. Makes too much lackot."

By which it was evident that Kai Kee had a high opinion of the merits of real Chinese children.

All this time his eyes had not been lifted from the stage. He was sizing up his task and counting the players over and over, from the real "supie" Chinamen to the slim-legged author of the play.

"China bad man eally big knife in China play. No catch um knife. No bad man."

"See there is, Kai. Wait and you will see. There are lots of Highbinders in it. Do you know what a Highbinder is? A See Yip man—a Sam Yip man?"

Kai Kee looked around slowly and incurably. "Not Don't know Highbinder what you callum. No See Yip, no Sam Yip. Lots China bad man Filsoo. No Highbinder."

Nor would Kai Kee admit for a moment that he had ever heard of such a thing as a Highbinder or even a member of the Bow Leong Tong. Chinamen have disappeared in Mott street before now for less than this.

Kai Kee put his green canalboat shoes on the back of the seat in front, and for a while gave himself up to art.

"Scratch, scratch!" went his pencil over



Murderer Waiting for Man Low Yek—Drawn by Kai Kee.

The gallery bouncer, who had seen the little by-play, came around and whispered a few words in low passionate tones in the ear of the tough young man. These words included mention of a broken face, fractured slats and a hasty exit through the gallery window.

Thereafter the tough young man gave his undivided attention to the play, and Kai Kee was left in peace. He evidently had some difficulty in following the thread of the plot at some points.

When Chan Lee rushed out of the house and grabbed Chan Toy with all the frenzied love of a suffering mother, the situation had to be explained to Kai Kee.

Wang, however, he became interested again. As Man Low Yek, the victim, came into view, Kai Kee half rose from his seat in anticipation. He forgot all about his picture.

"He killed Man Low Yek," he said. Just then Chang Wang got in his and work with his long knife, and the play was over.

"He bad man, Chang Wang," he said. "Man Low Yek good man. Do no harm."

And so Kai Kee came away under the impression that the villain was the hero and that the hero was the villain. The subtleties of the modern melodrama had been deep to his Celestial mind.

THE CISNEROS ROMANCE.

READERS of the Journal have already been made familiar with the facts in the case of Evangelina Cosmo Cisneros.

This young girl was threatened with imprisonment as a common criminal, ostensibly because she was a daughter of Senor Cisneros, a prominent Cuban patriot. Investigation showed that behind the persecution of Senorita Cisneros was the significant fact that she had excited the admiration of a high Spanish officer.

Through the efforts of the best women of America and the Journal, to whom the civilized world is indebted for its knowledge of the planned outrage, Evangelina Cisneros was saved from what would have been worse than death.

The dramatic facts in this case, as set forth day by day by the Journal, have been judged a fitting subject for a romantic novel by the editors of the New York Family Story Paper, who have a perfect knowledge of what appeals to the heart of the great American people.

This historic romance has been written by Lillian R. Drayton. It will run for three months. The principal incidents are absolutely true, but they are embellished by a liberal addition of pure and beautiful sentiment and other desirable literary elements.

Evangelina's father is banished to the Isle of Pines, whither she follows him with her true lover, Emilio Betancourt, nephew of the President of Cuba.

Colonel Jose Berriz, the villainous Spanish Governor of the Island, is smitten with the beautiful girl. He tells her that unless she consents to be his he will send her father to Cuba, that Spanish hell upon earth. This is how he speaks to her in the street one day:

"Your father's freedom depends upon you, senorita," he said, scarcely able to control himself and his vile, mad passion.

"Upon me?" she gasped, pressing her hands above her heart in her agitation. "Upon me, senor?"

"Upon you, senorita. I love you."

"He endeavored to throw all the sentiment of which he was capable into the declaration, but succeeded only in making it nauseating. Young and innocent as she was, Evangelina shivered with disgust and drew back, not solely because he was of that hated race, but because her woman's heart felt something of the coarseness of his nature, and it repelled her.

"Oh, senor," she stammered in a pained tone. "You do not know me."

"And yet I love you. Night after night, day after day I have followed you, my passion rising higher and higher with each moment until I have lost the mastery of myself. You must be mine, senorita. Consent, and the day that sees you in my arms a willing captive, I promise you, upon the honor of a Spanish soldier, that I will set your father free."

"She paused, shaking with a nameless terror."

To escape him she lies hidden in her room, but the Spanish brute forces her way there. What happens then you will learn from the New York Family Story Paper.



From the Novelist's Story of Evangelina Cisneros's Experience.

The Bicycle Sledge for the Klondyke.

The newest thing for the Klondyke is the bicycle sledge. It was patented last week by Charles F. Wagoner, of Eagle Lake, Minn., and is calculated to be a boon to the argonauts who are seeking yellow wealth in the frozen regions of the Yukon.

Of course, one of the most important difficulties of life in that part of the world is transportation. Not only is the gold region a far journey from civilization, but the diggings themselves are located on the Klondyke and other tributary streams at a considerable distance from the Yukon River. Food and other supplies have to be carried by dog sledges, and this method is both slow and expensive, the dogs requiring a considerable share of the provisions for themselves.

With the bicycle sledge, however, the gold-seeker will be independent of animals for draught and packing. With comfort and ease he can pedal along over frozen lake and mountain snow coast, permitting himself to coast down declivities. When there is opportunity, he may even hoist a sail and utilize the Arctic breezes for propulsion.

The sledge is propelled like a bicycle, with pedals and a sprocket gearing. There is only one wheel, which is provided with teeth to catch the ice. It is estimated that these sles will travel, when urged by foot, at a rate of fifteen miles an hour. Ordinary handlebars serve for steering, and the rider sits on a regular bicycle seat.

THEY TOOK LI'S ADVICE.

"I want to see the descendants of Confucius in America develop the business instincts common to the people of the United States," said Li Hung Chang in an interview during his recent visit to this country. And thereupon the Mongollans throughout Greater New York lost sleep devising ways and means to take advantage of the American system of gathering in the hard cash. Out of the many methods put into use, perhaps the most successful attempt at money making was developed among the Chinese who do your laundry.

The scheme is a simple one and productive of good results. This is the way it is done: Suppose, for instance, a gentleman, who is in need of a few small coins, wants to make a temporary raise. All he has to do is to wrap up his soiled linen and his himself to the nearest laundryman, where he expresses a desire to get a loan.

John glides his long fingers through the pile of clothing, inspects the texture and quality of your white shirts, examines the ply and brand of your collars and offers from 15 to 75 cents advance on the lot. If you accept his terms you are obliged to come around before a week expires and take your washing away, paying the regular rates, plus the amount loaned, together with a small interest. If you do not call the package is sold for what it will bring and John Chinaman continues to take Li Hung Chang's advice.